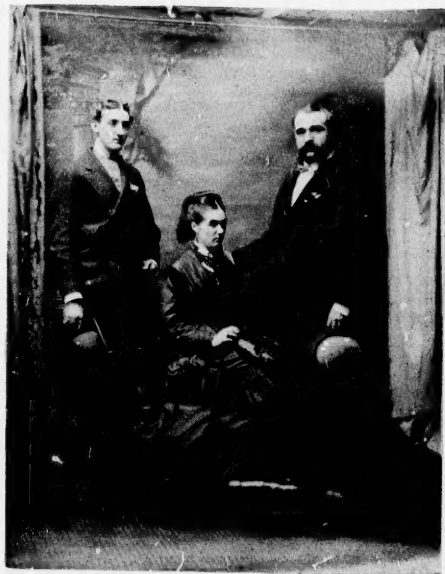




GEORGE B.
THORNEYCROFT

JESSIE
THORNEYCROFT

MAJOR
THORNEYCROFT

A
TRIP TO
AMERICA,

BY
T. THORNEYCROFT,

SEPTEMBER 1, 1869,

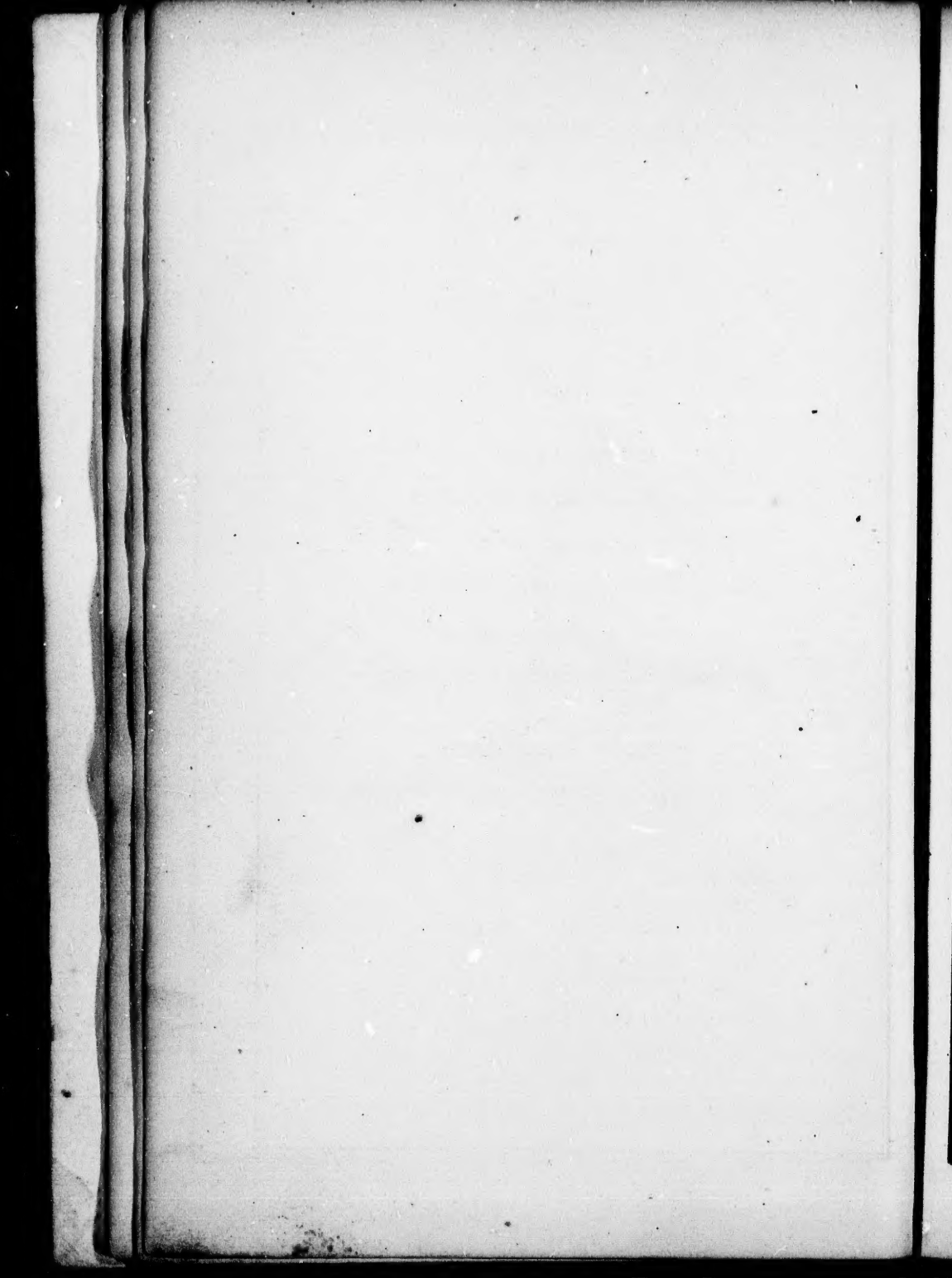
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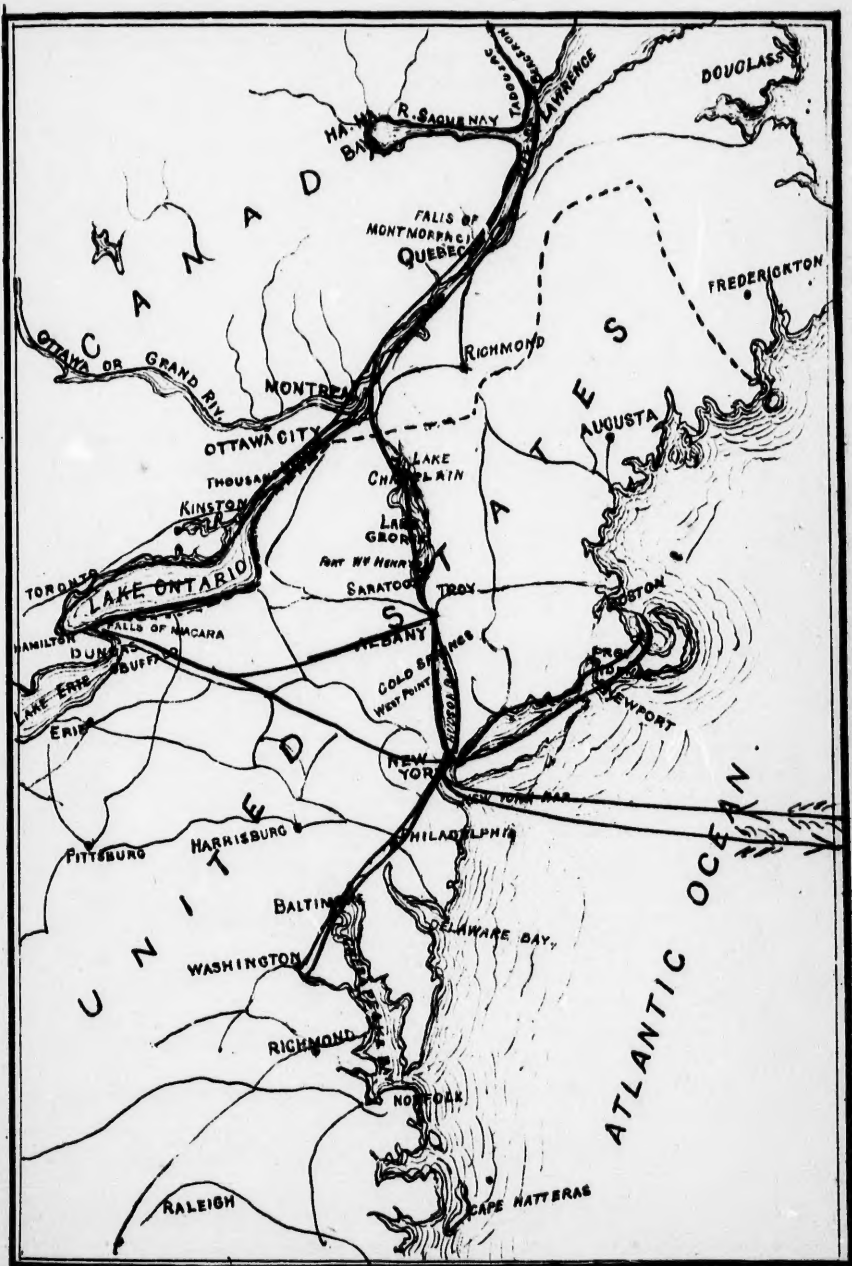


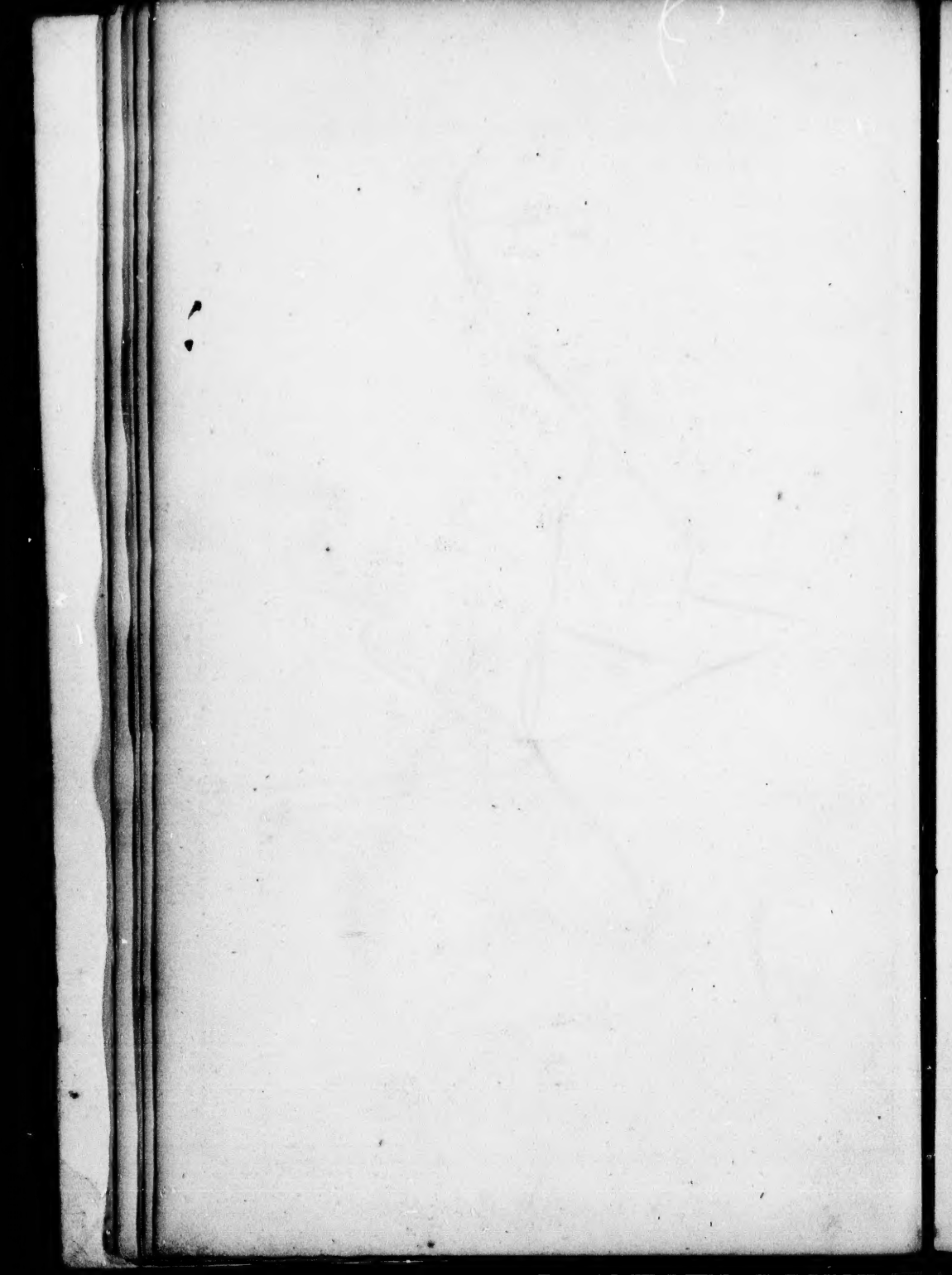
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T. THORNEYCROFT,
TETTENHALL, NEAR WOLVERHAMPTON,
ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1869.







A TRIP TO AMERICA.

I often thought I'd like to take
A trip across the sea,
In North America awake
In time for early tea,

And visit some of my old friends,
Who now live at New York;
In getting there the "*Russia*" sends
Us all to call near Cork.

I asked my wife and son to come,
My eldest daughter too,
The "Missis" said she'd not leave home,
The children said 'twill do.

I hop'd at last she'd change her mind,
And her state room I kept,
To cross the sea she still declin'd,
So in it my son slept.

Then in the merry month of May,
George, Jess, and I did start,
And on the "*Russia*" steam'd away,
Through water like a dart.

We had a pleasant company,
On board of this fine boat,
More than a hundred took their tea
At once as we did float.

The dinners they were grand indeed,
And the champagne so nice,
For better feeding none had need,
And there were lots of ice.

There's soup, and fish boil'd, baked, and fried,
Potatoes smoking hot,
Some ducks and peas I next saw tried,
Then nice dessert we got.

When tea with toast were handed round,
About the hour of seven,
And then I heard another sound,
Of bones before eleven.

Then in my berth I quickly got,
I thought it would be best
To leave this jolly festive lot,
And take a good night's rest.

I came to breakfast in good form,
Swallowed a bloater soon.
A little rain, but not a storm;
Then prayers in the forenoon.

A walk on deck, then came the boat
With passengers from shore,
I should say now we were afloat,
Near two hundred, or more.

Next morn I felt so very bad,
 And so did George and Jess,
 Indeed, we all three look'd quite sad,
 Oh, wasn't it a mess!

To lie in bed, and sigh and moan,
 Was all that we could do,
 And then turn round, and give a groan,
 And then a retch or two..

George pick'd up quick, and sharpen'd first,
 And then old Jess came to,
 As usual I was the worst,
 So what was I to do?

I went on deck, felt very queer,
 And wanted something nice,
 When Fraser tried me, much to cheer,
 With champagne cock-tail ice.

The vessel now began to heave,
 I felt inclined to hook it,
 But knew I could not take my leave,
 So call'd out for a bucket.

Old jack-tar brought it, and says he,
 "You'd better try and eat,"
 "If that's the thing to do at sea,
 Then Jack send me some meat."

Two mutton chops soon came to hand—
 I'm sure they did me good;
 They made me feel like touching land,
 I somehow thought they would.

I very soon climb'd on the deck,
 And found the children there,
 'Twas wonderful to see them peck,
 In fact it made me stare.

They were next to some pleasant friends,
 One Laycock, who was kind,
 Whose wife to our small circle lends
 Enchantment so refined.

She has a happy beaming face,
 A bright and clear blue eye,
 Her gentle smiles ne'er out of place,
 To please all she does try.

And in her charge was one Miss Hoole,
 Who sang so very sweet
 At twilight, when 'twas getting cool—
 To hear her was a treat.

And next there sat the fam'd Cunard
 Of the swift packet line,
 Who to be pleasant tried so hard,
 And he succeeded fine.

The Wolsey party were so great,
 'Twas twenty, if not more ;
 A charming lot at any rate,
 There's not a better score.

There also was a lady near,
 Whose face I ought to tell,
 It is quite true, though rather queer,
 Her name it was Grinnell.

She came to see my house one day,
 When quite bent on rushing
 Through England home ; now I've heard say
 She's married to a Cushing :

And near her was a merry face,
 Which always look'd the same ;
 No smarter girl about the place,
 Miss Lambard was her name.

An invalid lay near my chair,
 Her husband knew her will ;
 Her name was Welsh—she was so fair—
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

Next to her was Mrs. Minturn,
 As bright as she could be ;
 From her, I'm sure, you would mirth learn—
 She has a sparkling e'e.

Besides there was a Scotchman, tall,
 To whom we owe our thanks ;
 He was polite and kind to all,
 From Johnstone, and nam'd Shanks.

Though last not least, there's one friend still,
 Who ne'er shall be forgot,
 None sails better, try where you will,
 Than jolly Captain Lott.

And now the sun shone very bright,
 So peaceful was the sea,
 I wish that my dear wife, all right,
 Was seated next to me.

But as I write, so late at night,
 'Tis getting far from warm ;
 I am not tight, though my head's light—
 There's coming on a storm

And then the rain began to fall,
 The wind was getting high,
 The sea was ruffled with a squall,
 Which caused many to sigh.

As we lay in a piteous plight
 While dashing through the foam,
 I often thought my wife's all right;
 I envy her at home.

Then o'er the ship, so very quick,
 There dashed a heavy sea,
 The ship roll'd fast ; we could not stick,
 And to our berths did flee.

Except one rather stout old dame,
 And she was there before,
 Many others were just the same—
 Not been outside their door.

When on the boat she came first day,
 She felt so far from mirth,
 And rushed below without delay,
 Asking all for her berth.

When to her horror, there she found,
 The berth was at the top,
 'Twas fully six feet from the ground,
 And climb in she could not.

A lady helped the stewardess,
 To try and lift her there ;
 When half-way up, they're in distress,
 And both fall o'er the chair.

All cry for help, come steward come,
 'Twould take us many an hour ;
 To do this feat, requires some
 Two or three horse power.

The mighty steward rushed below
 In a state of wonder,
 He fancied that the heavy blow
 Sounded just like thunder.

He got her up and then he said,
 "You other two help me,
 "We'll all three lift her into bed,
 "When I've just counted three."

They all three got a right good hold,
 And just as steward said,
 The instant "one, two, three" were told,
 They heav'd her into bed.

She look'd about, but daren't get out,
 So gave way to reproof,
 She'd to stop there six days about,
 Like living on a roof.

Of sympathy she did not lack,
 For we were near a score
 Laid in our berths, upon our backs,
 Some three days, and some more.

But the most sad and mournful tale
I now have to relate,
'Tis of poor Jones, who had to sail
Home in a dying state.

A year ago he left the shore
With a young and blooming bride,
And now he fears he'll never more
His native country stride.

And as he feels death creeping on,
One moment he can't sleep,
For thinking when his last breath's gone
They'll throw him in the deep.

The thought of this was hast'ning death,
His frame was getting cold ;
His fears at last, with trembling breath,
He to his parent told.

His father instantly then spoke
With Cunard, who, so kind,
Said, " Tell your boy, should death provoke,
We'll not leave him behind."

The father hasten'd to his son,
Said, " Cheer up, my dear boy,
" For this, your last request, I've won,
" God grant it give you joy."

I did not see those tears of joy
Roll gently down his cheek,
I did not hear him feebly cry,
" I'm strong where I felt weak."

But we all know our last request
 On earth for we most long,
 It seem'd to give his body rest,
 To make his spirit strong.

Long after this I saw him land,
 So gently on his bed,
 His wife, taking him by the hand,
 This sad procession led;

And as they touched upon the shore
 She seemed to me to say,
 "Our prayers to heaven are heard once more,
 "Thank God, we see this day."

On June the Twentieth, when I met
 His father near the shore,
 I said, "Sir, does your son live yet?"
 He whisper'd "He's no more."

But what on earth's the matter now?
 The mighty engines stand,
 And instantly I thought, somehow,
 We might be on the sand.

Newfoundland's banks were far below,
 This fell not to our lot;
 And then I rushed on deck to know
 The cranks were getting hot.

A little time, and all was right,
 And then we soon set sail;
 A something then came into sight,
 'Twas very like a whale.

Whatever could this monster be ?
There's very little doubt ;
Jess saw its back out of the sea,
And we all saw it spout.

We sometimes got into a fog,
So very damp and thick ;
Then came some howling, like a dog,
From steam-pipes very quick.

To make the sailing still far worse,
Above our heads they play
At shuffleboard ; t'would make you curse
To hear it half a day.

Then nurses sang and children cried,
They would keep round about,
When stewards, with bad luck, contrived
With buckets to be out.

When out, oh, don't the cooking smell,
And smuts come falling down !
Here 'tis a horrid place to dwell,
It makes you often frown.

But grief cannot for ever last,
We stop, a boat is lowered,
Our wretched journey's nearly past,
A pilot comes on board.

And when we the smooth water feel,
All of us it does cheer,
Except one who contrived to steal
Both wine and bitter beer ;

Nor did he any passage pay,
 And cheated all he could,
 He bolted then without delay,
 Or, rather, thought he would ;

But as he slipt down from the ship,
 A sailor, standing near,
 Just caught this thief tight by the hip,
 And stopp'd his swift career.

And on him was no money found ;
 What could the Captain say ?
 So the Jack tars kick'd him all round,
 Then let him sneak away.

But just as this was going on,
 All shouted " Go below,"
 And long before one half were gone
 We felt a sudden blow.

We looked about, and then we saw
 The wreck our boat had made,
 And suddenly beheld with awe,
 A ship from our eyes fade.

And as she sank beneath the wave
 A little boat was near ;
 The gallant crew, with hearts so brave,
 Jump'd in with little fear.

It was this little boat that came
 So rashly in our way ;
 To sink it would destroy our fame,
 Our ship we could not stay.

So to the left they steer'd our boat,
 But this soon proved quite wrong ;
 We could not steer the way we'd float,
 The current was too strong.

And thus to save the lives of three
 Who in that boat came near,
 All those in charge seem'd to agree
 Away from it to steer.

Three lives were saved, it is quite true,
 As by the boat we slip ;
 This humane act we had to rue—
 We ran into a ship.

As this large ship was going down,
 The sailors start away,
 A poor cat jump'd, she would not drown,
 But lives until this day.

The ship from Italy had come,
 Was full of oil and wine,
 Of both we hope they will save some,
 'Twould help a few to dine.

Two landing boats soon came to us,
 We rush'd to get on shore ;
 We should not have made such a fuss,
 They stopp'd an hour or more.

At last we tread on the firm land,
 About one in the day,
 And then we met a formal band
 Who caused us much delay.

We had a paper then to get,
 Now this took us some time,
 The number of our trunks then let
 Them know was twenty-nine.

The officers soon opened all,
 And turned the things about,
 But could tax nothing, great or small,
 Then Holdane took us out.

We got into what's call'd a coach,
 Hung on some leather straps;
 Without delay we did reproach
 Bad roads—we got such raps.

This pitch and toss was truly sad,
 We can't forget that day;
 The mounds so high, the roads so bad,
 Like gutters all the way.

The luggage started by express
 To our hotel, three miles,
 It took about three hours, not less,
 Though 'tis done in less whiles.

We reach Fifth Avenue Hotel,
 And stop there fourteen days;
 Now all's quite true that I here tell
 Of its most wondrous ways.

They keep three hundred servants there,
 One half remain all night;
 They give you such a bill of fare
 That satisfies you quite.

Rooms four hundred and twenty-four
Are found in this hotel ;
Six hundred and a half, or more,
In sleeping rooms can dwell.

There's steam engines and railways there,
And shops on the ground floor,
Twelve barbers also shave with care,
Dry goods are kept in store.

Three hundred sit in the large hall,
To dine just as they please ;
Two other rooms, quite far from small,
Take one hundred with ease.

The billiard rooms twelve tables hold,
Beneath the marble bar,
Where several hundred drinks are sold,
And some quite above *par*.

I saw a larger kitchen there
Than I had seen before,
And to feed all the household were
Some twenty cooks or more.

Above three hundred yards it takes
To go round this hotel ;
In it some sixteen shops that makes
The rent so much to swell.

While we were there the waiters struck,
Went suddenly away,
This was to us a piece of luck,
I'm glad they did not stay.

They brought things with a sulky air,
 Then left us a long time,
 And when we speak they only stare—
 On looks you cannot dine.

Another lot came in at once,
 Some raw but willing too,
 But there is not a greater dunce
 Than he who will not do.

We saw one night a youth from Cork
 A bottle bring of hock;
 On being ask'd to draw the cork
 He came to a dead lock.

The guest said, "Make haste with that wine;"
 "Yes, coming, sir," said he;
 The cork his teeth then did entwine,
 And out at once did flee.

Some few, at first, the soup would spill
 On a young lady's dress,
 But they took it with a good will,
 Though it made such a mess.

A few days, and the guests were glad
 This change had taken place,
 'Twere pleasanter to see they had
 Such a contented face.

Soon after we came to this place
 Jessie was taken ill—
 A cold, with fever, was her case,
 Three days she was kept still.

A doctor's mostly on the spot,
 This time 'twas Doctor Grey;
 Luckily it fell to our lot,
 He came without delay.

And when he cur'd Jessie all right,
 Why then I had my turn;
 I had a fev'rish cold that night—
 Oh, how my head did burn!

With homœopathic doses, now,
 He cur'd us very soon;
 Now what I thought was quack, I vow,
 It is the greatest boon.

All the introduction letters
 From friends we left behind,
 Left us three there quite the debtors
 To those who'd been so kind.

Lord Shrewsbury's friend, Mister Duncan,
 With Mrs. D., did call,
 Says, " Ride in my trap, if you can,
 Here's tickets for you all

For the new Jerome Park races,
 Where a nice lot you'll meet;
 The horses have not fast paces,
 The company's a treat."

We saw some trotting in good style
 At Brooklyn training-ground,
 Two twenty-one they trot their mile,
 Few better can be found.

Then Mr. Irvin, Whitelaw's friend,
 Says "Dine with us to-day ;"
 His wife and daughters did intend
 'To call without delay.

We dined, and a nice party met—
 All were most truly kind ;
 Besides a good dinner, we get
 Some music most refined.

One Thompson, from Scotland, was there,
 Who said, in a kind way,
 "You both our Union Club shall share
 While in New York you stay."

Then Van Wart and his wife were kind,
 And drove us all about ;
 On Sunday we were pleased to find
 Their friends were not gone out.

We saw their house, 'twas very fine,
 The paintings quite first-class ;
 Mrs. Roberts says, "Come and dine
 Before three days can pass."

We did, and found it quite a treat,
 Whoever may go there ;
 With pictures and statues will meet,
 Of quality most rare.

M. O. Roberts is a great man,
 With a gigantic mind,
 No matter, place him where you can,
 He'll not be left behind.

But from the ranks he'll soon step out,
He fought his way to fame,
And now you'll find he is about
The wealthiest of his name.

Young Mrs. Irvin sent to us,
A note to come and dine,
We were engaged before, thus
Were obliged to decline.

Then Mr. Oothout said "pray come
"And dine with me some day,
"And from our trade I will ask some,
"So fix without delay."

Wednesday I fixed, but I must tell,
I was too ill to go,
All day in my bed I did dwell,
Except an hour or so.

Then I got up and had a shave,
From pain I felt so free,
I was so anxious, just to have
With them a cup of tea.

George said a grand dinner he gave,
With wines so very choice,
I'm sure, a week with him to live,
Would be exceeding nice.

The Holdanes a fine dinner give,
We enjoyed it so well,
Upon the best of fare we live
At Albemarle Hotel.

Miss Waddington was so polite,
 With very many more,
 Such kind attention made us quite
 Contented to the core.

Now the Holdanes asked us to stay
 At their own country spot,
 'Tis on the Hudson, bright and gay,
 A charming place they've got.

The scen'ry's much like Scotland's lakes,
 All thrown just into one,
 To ride its length just now it takes,
 You ten hours to steam on.

A military school stands out,
 At West Point it is seen,
 They train the young cadets about
 Four years upon this green.

We often used to see them drill,
 And very smart they were,
 Of it I'm sure they'll get their fill,
 Or more, while they are there.

One day, I to their boat race went,
 Where cadets row for fame ;
 Was introduced to President
 Grant by Mister Holdane.

Then after, met him at the ball,
 With lots more gallant men,
 And ladies fair, both great and small,
 We got there about ten.

And to the Cozzen's grand hotel
 We had to go at three,
 The road not straight, and dark as well,
 Five yards we could not see.

Next morn General Sherman gave
 The diplomas away,
 Then did the bus-man rude behave
 To us, and would not stay

To take us through to it in time,
 Oh, what was to be done?
 I call'd a waggon from the line,
 To ride in it was fun.

The ladies on the baggage sat,
 All held on by the side;
 No springs were near to where we sat,
 It was a jolting ride.

We got there just in time to hear
 General Sherman's speech,
 And earnestly he tried to cheer
 Young soldiers within reach.

But of this ball and the meeting,
 If you'd like to learn more,
 You must spend some time just peeping
 At New York papers, four.

As we row'd home on this river,
 Sometimes by the moonlight,
 The dark air would often quiver
 With the fire-flies by night.

I have brought home some fine sketches
 Of this most lovely scene ;
 Jess can sing a song that fetches
 To memr'y where we've been.

Next day the Holdanes took us on
 The Hudson, to behold
 Its beauties, and where Washington
 Fought like a warrior bold ;

And freed his land from Englishmen,
 Who with much valour fought,
 In two such small divisions, when
 Their efforts came to nought.

Had they all fought together, then
 They must have won the day,
 But parted, fighting such brave men,
 They lost and went away.

Their forces landing at extremes,
 The best generals say,
 Unquestionably was the means
 Of their losing the day.

But as things are, we all must hope
 That it is for the best,
 Give love and harmony full scope,
 For ever in peace rest.

I found all engaged in commerce,
 Most anxious to have peace,
 More fighting now would make them worse,
 Their taxes much increase.

The bumptious, boasting element
 Is foreign to their land,
 Old Ireland sends its discontent,
 But fighting they'll not stand.

Then let us settle our disputes
 Like brothers as we are,
 Not fight it out like poor low brutes
 That's so much below *par*.

Family quarrels are the worst,
 Look at the North and South;
 Bad luck to those who are the first
 To speak war from their mouth.

There are no countries on this earth
 So unfetter'd, and see,
 Together we shall show our worth,
 Set other captives free:

To worship God just as they please,
 Without being oppress'd;
 So placing this world at its ease,
 Truly both will be blessed.

Ulster Ironworks we went to see,
 Near Catskill it does stand,
 They make iron too good for me,
 The quality is grand.

One, Mulligan, looks after it,
 A c'ever man is he,
 He knows the process, every bit,
 And that you'll quickly see.

It's carried on by water power,
 Our man, Tom Brown, was there :
 With Mulligan we stopp'd an hour,
 Din'd off the best of fare.

He came to England once, he said,
 Our works he wished to see,
 So tried it on while we're in bed,
 But found it could not be.

All my late father's improvements
 He wanted to take back,
 For by them he's made lots of cents,
 For tact he does not lack.

Another iron works he tried,
 Which had adopted them,
 Where he all our improvements spied,
 Then 'ticed away their men.

He dressed himself, when dark at night,
 Just like a working man,
 Took supper in, found it all right,
 And entered by this plan.

At Ulster Ironworks, you see,
 All the improvements made
 By father, at the Shrubbbery,
 The master of his trade.

Though wages are so high just here,
 So provisions are, too ;
 But what the working man does cheer,
 There's lots of work to do.

A man that's willing to work hard,
And can't get it at home,
Let nought departure him retard,
But to this country roam.

But here he'll find it very hot,
As well as bitter cold ;
His goods much tax'd, and so his lot
Is not a field of gold.

Dear England ! I've seen many lands,
Of most I've had my fill,
With all her faults, as now she stands,
I dearly love her still.

But all the world has beauties rare,
If seen at the right time,
Some lakes, some hills, some ladies fair,
Some sweet fruits and the vine.

Then let's enjoy the best of all,
Let peace and love prevail,
Quarrel not with great or small,
But unfurl the white sail.

Now slavery's gone from this land,
And all can go forth free,
With any land she'll take her stand,
She is a great country.

Lonsdale gave us a letter to
His friend, Winthrop Sargent,
Who show'd us all that he could do,
To be kind was intent.

He asked us all to make a stay
 At Fishkill a short time,
 We said, if we could spare a day,
 We'd let him know in time.

We left the Holdanes the next day,
 Who treated us so well,
 'Twas there we had a pleasant stay,
 Upon it I must dwell,

To say that Mr. John Holdane
 And his wife asked us there,
 To tell our friends, who read their name,
 They gave the best of fare.

Their daughters were most pleasant, too,
 Invited us to school,
 To see and hear how they would do
 Composition by rule.

Miss Mary wrote one very nice,
 A copy she gave me ;
 Grace play'd on the piano twice ;
 Then drawings we did see.

We now to Philadelphia go,
 With Whitelaw's useful note ;
 And there both Welsh and Perkins show
 How pleasure they promote.

They call'd on us betimes next morn,
 Drove us three all about,
 Then Perkins said, after the storm,
 " At four, you will drive out,

" With me, to dine at my old cot,
 " Though my cook's gone away ;"
 We did, and found a chosen lot,
 Amongst them one I say

Is fair, and does the time beguile,
 Her voice to music's set,
 Because she still has that bright smile,
 We cannot her forget.

And Mrs. Perkins was so neat,
 With a bright little face,
 She also had such tiny feet,
 And did the table grace.

Perkins look'd just like a John Bull,
 Gave us a welcome fine ;
 We had a party far from dull—
 In fact we'd a great time.

Young Osgood Welsh, and he, that time,
 Said they'd both come and see
 Myself at home, when hunting's prime,
 Which will gratify me.

And more so if they both will bring
 Their wives with us to stay ;
 I hope they may just fix next spring
 When all is bright and gay.

We take the train for Baltimore,
 Abbot's iron works see,
 Where they make rails and plates far more
 Than suits such men as me.

Improvements that my father made
 Were all adopted here,
 That no man better knew his trade
 To all is very clear.

I talked with the new President
 Of tariffs being high ;
 He and his party seem intent
 To let the matter lie

Just where it is, and so protect
 Their native industry ;
 There's nothing there they will neglect
 That's for their good to be.

Manufacturers try their best
 To use the powers they hold,
 Till all's made safe they let none rest—
 They know the power of gold.

There is no chance of tariffs less,
 Till Southern men take power,
 Then, perhaps, minerals they possess
 May change them in an hour.

Of the iron trade they'll have the cream,
 The skim-milk, I perceive,
 Is all to us it does now seem
 That they intend to leave.

But there's new markets in the land
 We must look after soon,
 Send qualities first-rate that stand
 The test for many a moon ;

Not locks that only lock but once,
 Or nails that are no use ;
 Once trick them, they're no more a dunce,
 But feel sharp our abuse;

And very soon to markets go
 Where the best goods are made,
 Now, Englishmen, it is just so
 We lose our foreign trade.

Then straight to Washington we go,
 Its Capitol is grand ;
 Its Patent Office, all must know,
 As first must take its stand.

The President's house is quite fine,
 And 'tis with truth I can
 Say, I conversed with him some time,
 And he's a clever man.

We three to a restaurant went,
 Chicken salad had cold,
 To ice champagne and cheese we lent,
 But the bill made us scold.

It came to just ten shillings each,
 Don't you think it a shame,
 Such downright cheating will us teach
 Robbing's their little game ;

And so prevent much visiting
 To most of their large towns,
 Such conduct must the million sting,
 And turn their smile to frowns.

We left Washington late at night,
 Rode in the cars state room,
 Found good beds in our berths all right,
 Which was to us a boon.

At six o'clock we reached New York,
 After a good night's rest,
 Where we handled a knife and fork,
 And picked a chicken's breast.

The waiter, smiling, said, "I see,
 "From Staffordshire you are,
 "Though none of you ever met me,
 "The name is known so far."

We took the cars again at eight,
 For Newport on the sea,
 We trust in Providence, and straight
 Got there in time for tea.

Next morn we find a thick fog bring
 Obscurity about,
 We call upon Mrs. Cushing,
 Who said, to tea come out.

With pleasure we accept, and say
 To it we much incline,
 Our trip to Boston we'll delay,
 At three o'clock we'll dine.

Then she, next day, on us did call,
 And to church drove us out,
 When it was over, rain did fall,
 We could not walk about.

At six, then, we drove out to tea,
 And saw some other friends,
 In handsome houses as could be,
 Just where the shore now bends.

Away next morn to Boston, then,
 Saw Curtis, Whitelaw's friend ;
 We drove about the city, when
 To dine we did intend.

But Mr. Curtis said, " Pray, come
 " And dine with me to-day,
 " At my Club, where you will find some
 " Of the best things they say."

We did, and then he drove us out
 A few miles from the town,
 To Harvard College, and about
 The places of renown.

The Harvard men now row so well,
 They'll run Oxford a race,
 If they can't win I freely tell
 They'll not take a bad place.

At twelve the night steamboat we take,
 And quickly go to sleep ;
 Next morn at New York we awake,
 From sailing on the deep.

At the Fifth Avenue we stay,
 And there the Walkers meet,
 It's with great pleasure I can say
 Their company's a treat.

The daughter's charming, and so fair,
 Though sometimes she looks sad,
 Such grief as hers is very rare,
 'Twould have made some half mad.

At Paris she had left behind
 One, who for two long years,
 Had been to her far more than kind,
 And calmed her many fears.

But just before the day was fixed
 To make them man and wife,
 Her cup of sorrow was full mix'd,
 He was deprived of life.

We learnt this sad and mournful tale
 As we came o'er the sea,
 We often saw her face so pale,
 So sorrowful was she.

But time, which soothes the aching heart,
 Comes gently to her aid ;
 We hope all grief may soon depart,
 And she soon be repaid

For all her constancy and love,
 By something yet untold,
 That nearly equals bliss above,
 More precious than pure gold.

But I'm forgetting, now, my tale
 That I began to tell—
 The next trip that we had to sail
 Was to Mr. Grinnell,

Whose noble mansion looks upon
 Washington Irving's lot,
 The Hudson River it is on,
 A most delightful spot.

Most kindly did they welcome us,
 None better entertains ;
 You've all you want without a fuss,
 To please all they take pains.

Mrs. Bowdoin drove us out,
 To call on many friends,
 When we have spent two days about
 The host a challenge sends,

At billiards for a fine deer park,
 And ten thousand a year ;
 We won by one—oh ! what a lark,
 We finished with a cheer.

We hope he and his wife will come
 And play the return match
 With us, I'm sure they'll find a home,
 If they a visit snatch.

Then we visit Cold Spring once more,
 And there a good time get ;
 The grand child of a Commodore,
 A Cross girl, there we met

Her eyes are bright—her heart is light—
 She has a charming voice ;
 I hope she may find one all right,
 Just suited to her choice.

We saw such lots of fireworks
 To celebrate their day
 Of Independence ; still there lurks
 Some spirit for display.

At nine next morn we take the car,
 And soon reach Netherwood ;
 Here we find most things above *par*,
 Particularly good.

But best of all's the lady fair,
 Whose pleasant gentle way
 Was charming, and she took such care
 We should enjoy our stay.

Then her husband, Irving Grinnell,
 Would sail us up and down
 The Hudson river, where the swell
 Was like a bed of down.

He took us to a large ice house
 Of thirty thousand tons,
 So close you could not find a mouse,
 Which through this block has runs.

We all drove out to spend a day
 On Hudson's nicest spot,
 Our friend Sargent's garden, I say,
 Will never be forgot.

Beside the gardens being fine,
 The fare was so first rate,
 On iced turkey we're glad to dine,
 Some took a second plate

We saw his ice house, where he can
 Keep things a year or two;
 His son was quite a nice young man,
 His wife delightful too.

But, hark! one Mr. Van Wart calls,
 Its time to get away,
 To view the grandest waterfalls
 Of Niagara by day.

But rightly to describe this sea,
 So wildly rushing o'er
 The abyss, is too much for me
 And very many more.

Though upon it now I must dwell,
 Try to invoke the muse,
 But language has not power to tell,
 So I've brought away views.

When you gaze first upon its foam
 You feel a sort of thrill
 Strike through your nerves, as near you roam;
 You know it is God's will.

'Tis though He'd called for thunder loud,
 And light'ning to its aid;
 In forming this He might be proud
 Of the grand fall he made.

And seas of rushing water, too,
 With all earth's cannon roar,
 Then toss'd waves over green and blue,
 And drop'd clouds from his door.

He bids the sun shine bright upon
 All he's set into life,
 Which fires up as it sparkles on
 All those thrown into strife.

And as the mighty sea rolls down
 Into the gulf below,
 The rugged rocks beneath do frown,
 The spray t'wards heaven does go.

The mighty roaring, thund'ring foam,
 Is heard for miles away,
 In time it will not cease to roam,
 Until the Judgment Day,

When He who made it says, "Be still!"
 And all is peace below;
 That God, at any time He will,
 May bid it cease to flow.

If at one word He can do this,
 'Think of His power and might;
 We pray He may reward with bliss,
 Incline us all to right.

This scene the mind with wonder fills
 At first, then go away;
 View it again from distant hills,
 And there you'll long to stay,

And see the sparkling foam arise,
 Hear a sweet lulling noise;
 The spray then soaring to the skies,
 Look on with fond surprise.

Approach it near, in a small boat,
 As we have done before,
 'Tis like as if you were afloat
 On thunder—it does roar

And lash the rocks as it comes down,
 It cuts them soon away ;
 These " Falls " have the greatest renown
 Of all that's in our day :

Madly and wildly rushing on,
 A whirlpool on its way,
 You gaze with wonder when it's gone,
 You feel you'd like to stay.

Describe this scene it cannot be,
 Though I should write a book ;
 Dear reader, just sail o'er the sea,
 And take yourself one look.

We quit this scene with much regret,
 And in the cars we go
 To a nice place, where friends we met,
 Which is call'd Toronto.

But on the way we made a call
 On Dick Morson's mother ;
 Miss Meredith we found grown tall,
 And just saw his brother.

Mrs. M. was glad to see us,
 A hearty welcome gave,
 A good dinner, without a fuss—
 Home-made wine let us have.

She was delighted to hear all
 About those whom she knew,
 Forgetting neither great nor small
 Within Tettenhall view.

Then we walk'd to the mountain farm,
 A lovely place they had,
 We found a view with such a charm,
 And music made us glad.

Jessie play'd, and she pleased so well,
 And Mrs. Wilde was prime ;
 Miss Meredith's voice, I now tell,
 Was wonderfully fine.

Then we all left in a hurry,
 And have Toronto seen,
 There we met with a McMurray
 And the Major Maclean.

Maclean ask'd me to come to mess,
 And McMurray did fix
 For my party, in evening dress,
 To dine with him at six.

We all enjoyed a happy time,
 Then up St. Lawrence steam,
 The Thousand Islands look'd so fine
 Upon this placid stream.

The St. Lawrence River is grand,
 Its rapids we did shoot,
 The waves dash o'er us as we stand,
 And drench a lady's suit.

In passing one we saw a boat
 That ran against a rock,
 With some artillery afloat—
 It gave them such a shock.

The water rush'd in, and quite soon
 It was a shocking wreck,
 Though all were saved long before noon—
 Not one remained on deck.

As we o'er the last rapid shot
 'Twas difficult to steer,
 We near'd the rock, and thought our lot
 To wreck was very near.

We met with some upon this boat
 Whose names we quickly read
 On their trunks, as they were afloat,
 Anderson and Shoolbred.

With them we had two pleasant days
 At the St. Lawrence Hall,
 Drove out with them to see the ways
 The steamers shoot the fall.

When on the grass, in a cool shade,
 We all sat down to dine,
 The hours went too fast, I'm afraid,
 It was a happy time.

The river sparkled bright below,
 A cottage was behind,
 The host then asked us in to go,
 When who, think you, we find?

A family whose parents came
 From Closeburn, near D'umfries,
 And Somerville is still their name,
 Their interest does not cease

In Closeburn Hall—they knew the spot—
 Ask'd about the Miss Bairds,
 Heard both of them had married got,
 And hop'd they'd found good lairds,

Then by the river, at moon light,
 We drove to Montreal,
 The foaming waters sparkled bright,
 'Twas like a waterfall.

I never shall forget this spot,
 So pleasant was the scene;
 I'm happy that it was my lot
 With friends there to have been.

From Montreal straight to Quebec
 We further steam away;
 We sleep upon the upper deck,
 When there one day we stay.

The plains of Abraham we see,
 Where Wolfe our hero fell,
 Then the Falls of Montmorency,
 And the grand Citadel.

'Twas here I bought the moosedeer's head,
 The elk and reindeer's too,
 The grizzly bear's, that people dread,
 Besides a wolf's or two.

Also some presents for my wife,
As well as many more ;
I do believe, upon my life,
It was more than four score.

We were invited to a ball,
The Governor to meet,
But could not stop at Louis Hall
Just to enjoy this treat.

Then up the Saguenay we sailed
And got to Ha-ha Bay ;
We went ashore, a caleche hailed,
And then we drove away.

We steamed right back to Tadoussac,
A charming little spot,
On it with pleasure we look back,
It ne'er will be forgot

When landed there, we chanc'd to meet
One Urquhart, a good Scot ;
We told him we had lost a treat
Of fishing we had got,

Through friend Laycock stopping behind,
Because his wife was ill ;
"Don't fret," said Urquhart, "and you'll find
"You'll have some fishing still."

He gave us fishing in his stream,
About ten miles away ;
A hard task to start it did seem,
Before the break of day.

For hours we gently sail'd along
St. Lawrence, near the shore,
When near the stream the tide was wrong—
To wait was quite a bore.

At last the Bergeron was full,
Our bark up it could reach,
Belcher and George thought they would pull
The canoe to the beach.

I cautioned them three times "sit still!"
Or over they would go,
When instantly they get a chill,
And both sank down below.

We call'd out, "Stick to the canoe!"
The current is so strong,
It was as much as they could do,
Such carelessness was wrong.

Lucky for them the land was near,
A few strokes brought them there,
When on it both looked very queer,
And vacantly did stare.

To change their clothes took half an hour,
Belcher got into mine,
Some brandy down their throats we pour,
Which caused us to lose time.

At last we started in a cart
Towards the salmon pool,
We very soon began to smart,
Musquitoes play'd the fool.

The cart would only go a mile,
 Then we began to walk,
 Here black flies bit us all the while,
 Which made us hard words talk.

But now the salmon pools we near,
 Two rods amongst us four,
 George got a nibble, when we cheer,
 And hop'd he'd have some more.

Then Jess and I went higher up,
 And saw a salmon rise,
 On Jessie's fly he tried to sup,
 But did not, which was wise.

She touched him, and he bolted then,
 Out of the water flew,
 A moment showed she'd lost him, when
 What next were we to do?

We both our best did try in vain,
 When I said to dear Jess,
 "Here, take the rod; it is quite plain
 "I ne'er can have success."

"No, not just now," she says, "go on;
 "I'll sit down here awhile;"
 Then three minutes were not quite gone
 Before I raised a smile.

"Look, Jess," I cried, "I've touched his gill,
 "See how he jumps away;
 "I'll try my little best to kill
 "A salmon here this day."

I play'd him up and down the stream,
 He sulk'd beneath a stone,
 For one moment I could not dream
 Of letting him alone.

The rod and line were very light,
 I dare not pull it strong,
 And yet I had to feel him tight,
 As well as very long.

At last he took a sudden plunge,
 Out of the water flew ;
 'Twas then I gave him a good lunge,
 What next was I to do ?

Under the stone he stuck once more,
 I summon'd to my aid
 George, Jess, Belcher, and other four
 Upon this fish war made.

Jess help'd me to wind up the line,
 George pok'd him with a pole,
 Belcher said, "Take the gaff in time,
 "He's coming from his hole."

He did, and madly rush'd t'wards us ;
 The excitement was great ;
 All shouted, and made such a fuss,
 We thought we'd land him straight.

But the gaff-man here missed his mark,
 Away the monster flew ;
 Oh, wasn't it a jolly lark,
 Our cunning we renew.

Jess dropp'd a stone upon his tail,
He floundered much about,
Rose to the top, look'd sickly pale,
I wish'd I'd got him out.

Again he darted to the stone,
I felt him in my pow'r,
I would not let him quite alone,
I play'd him for an hour.

I'd never caught a salmon yet,
But often I've heard say,
For success you must not forget
Your patience once all day.

We pok'd and pull'd, and threw at him,
For just one half-hour more,
And then I guided him to swim
Near to a dry stick floor.

Here the gaff-man struck hard once more,
And straightway pull'd him out;
No doubt he thought it quite a bore,
We all set up a shout.

The young ones tried another hour,
But no rise could they get,
The salmon kept out of their power,
Which caused them some regret.

Then we return to a farm house,
A sort of supper take,
Then sleep as quiet as a mouse,
At two o'clock awake.

The insects had been stinging Jess,
But it was time to go ;
Poor girl! she was in great distress
Just for ten days or so.

We start at three out with the tide
Old Tadoussac to reach,
But nine long hours we had to ride
Before we saw its beach.

Mister Urquhart's pic-nic was not
To take place there just yet,
To join it fell not to our lot,
Because the day was wet.

His kindness to us was extreme,
I'd like to call him friend,
To all who knew him it would seem
Kind acts he does intend.

At the hotel at Tadoussac
Some charming friends we made,
An Indian camp was at the back,
Basket-work was their trade.

Here we a Mrs. Campbell knew,
Who looked so young and neat,
Then Mrs. Roberts came in view,
To know her was a treat.

Miss Gordons, too, sang very nice,
And pretty girls they were ;
'Twas here that Jess and I sang twice,
We had a concert rare.

A doctor's daughter gave a song,
 Her sister gave another ;
 When we'd been there not very long
 We thought we saw her brother ;

But this soon proved quite a mistake,
 He whispered to his dear,
 "Beloved one! I shall try to make
 "You my wife in this year."

Two Medleycotts we also saw,
 One play'd the violin
 So very sweet, without a flaw,
 A duet would begin.

The other was a naval man,
 He read the prayers one day,
 Paint very nicely he just can,
 I'm glad that he did say

H'd paint for me the Indian camp
 We saw at Tadoussac,
 'Twas pitch'd upon a spot so damp,
 And comfort it did lack.

We saw the Indians shoot some seals.
 Bought pouches from their squaws,
 Upon the ground they take their meals,
 And eat them with their paws.

Good baskets and canoes they make,
 And trinkets by the score ;
 Oh, think how their poor hearts must ache
 To find that daily more

The white man thrusts them from their lands—
 Their happy hunting grounds—
 Where for long years they've shot in bands,
 And game so much abounds.

We mark'd the proud and haughty look
 They gave as we drew near;
 They felt the pang as they forsook
 Their lands to them so dear.

They did not offer us their goods,
 Though they were there to sell,
 They'd rather roam wild through the woods
 Than in good houses dwell.

But now we wanted to set out
 By steam boat to Quebec,
 Three hours we were delayed about,
 The boat was near a wreck.

A fog came o'er the Saguenay,
 She ran on to a rock,
 The crew escaped, but I heard say
 It was an awful shock.

The Magnet boat, the Captain states,
 Was iron of the best,
 'Twas Thorneycroft's best S crown plates,
 And so it stood this test.

For two long hours it swung about
 Before it could turn back,
 The tide came up and help'd it out
 To call at Tadoussac.

We now embark'd upon this boat,
And by Quebec we go,
To Montreal we swiftly float
In twenty hours or so.

Here we saw all the merchants that
From us some iron take,
When one of them told us quite pat
Of their Great Hall mistake.

An iron roof was ordered there,
Of quality that stood,
Thornycroft's make they knew was fair,
Or something quite as good.

This order never to us came,
'Twas sent some other way,
Those who got it have lost their fame,
It fell without delay.

If orders are look'd after here,
I'm sure we'll do a trade,
But we've neglected been, I fear,
Or more we should have made.

Now we set out for Lake Champlain,
And there a steamer find,
About which runs an iron vein,
And scenes quite to your mind.

From this we cross the battle ground,
Where we the French defeat,
Years after this the cannons sound,
Burgoyne had to retreat.

We cross Lake George—it's beautiful,
 The mountains round are bold,
 When at the end, and up you pull,
 A grand hotel behold.

In it they can six hundred take,
 We all stay'd there one night,
 Still one third larger it they'll make,
 This spot gives all delight.

We took a row boat soon next morn,
 Skimm'd o'er the lake an hour,
 Till rain came, and we fear'd a storm,
 So stepp'd out from the shower.

And in an hour we took the stage,
 When all was calm and bright,
 Here one man said we'd reach, he'd wage,
 Saratoga that night.

We did, and just in time to dine
 In style at Congress Hall;
 'Twas here we had the gayest time—
 Each night they had a ball.

Here beauty, rank, and fashion dwell,
 I'll speak of some I saw,
 One thousand sleep in this hotel,
 And some its waters draw.

Here Mrs. Cross was kind to us,
 And introduced us much
 To nice friends, whom we can discuss—
 For instance now just such

As Mrs. Muller, who looked fine,
 And her fair daughter too ;
 The Mills's, who to know in time
 I was anxious to do.

They were quite pleasant and so nice,
 The Thomsons were also ;
 And there's the Clarke's, whom we met twice,
 And the Chases we know.

Then these presented us to more
 Of their friends whom they knew,
 And soon we get to know two score
 Among the select few.

There's Mrs. Fisher, who has eyes
 So brilliant and so clear ;
 Her friend, Miss Fryer, does surprise
 Many—she is so dear.

Then there was Mrs. Day we knew,
 Who came straight from the South,
 She was most beautiful to view,
 She'd such a pretty mouth.

Mrs. O'Fallon was so fair,
 Miss Harrison most sweet—
 Two sisters, *blondes*, with long light hair,
 To know them was a treat.

There also was a lady, who
 To Nature, Art did lend,
 Stuff'd out her dress all she could do,
 And gave the Grecian bend.

Another lady's full of grace,
 And some her much adore,
 The oftener you see her face,
 You'll like Work more and more.

A pretty girl was also there,
 We took her for a bride,
 Her name was Spencer ; she was fair,
 And show'd some little pride.

The poet Saxe I also met,
 To me this was a treat,
 His fine forehead you can't forget,
 Or his daughter so neat.

The Holdane party now came strong
 And joined us a short time,
 But some of them could not stay long,
 Because they must decline

All gaiety, and hasten back
 To bury one who died,
 Of sympathy she did not lack,
 She had been sorely tried.

We spent a pleasant time just here,
 For all was bright and gay,
 There was so very much to cheer,
 We like longer to stay.

But we had so much yet to do,
 And so must pack and go,
 I'd to see Burden's works all through,
 Which took a day or so.

Mr. Burden was very kind,
 And show'd us all he could,
 But in the summer time, we find,
 For repairs then they stood.

To Winthrop Sargent's, next we start
 To spend a day or two,
 We meet their son, whose's very smart,
 And his kind mother, who

Entertains her friends so well ;
 Two great statesmen were there,
 The Sumner, whose strong speech will tell
 How he would have us fare ;

And near him sat another friend,
 Of quite a milder line,
 For peace, you'd see, he did intend,
 They called him Mr. Prime.

I truly hope the Sargents will
 Pay us a visit soon ;
 I'm sure that their kind friendship will
 At all times prove a boon.

They were indeed so truly kind,
 I'd like to pay them back,
 If they'll come here they soon shall find
 To try we'll not be slack.

On Monday we the steam boat take
 To New York, by the day,
 A fine sail on the Hudson make,
 Where all look'd bright and gay.

Another day we've yet to spend,
 I bought my young ones toys,
 And then about lunch time I send
 For skates for my big boys.

The last night we are all ask'd out
 To sup with Mrs. Cross--
 A pleasant party; there's no doubt
 To part with them's a loss.

At six o'clock next morn we hear
 A knocking at our door,
 That awful sea we all much fear,
 We must take it once more.

I write this on the briny deep,
 I cannot leave my bed,
 I scarcely can get any sleep,
 I feel about half dead.

Two days we had a heavy sea,
 The ship tossing about,
 Which caused us prisoners to be
 On deck, we can't get out.

One morning when we felt so sick,
 The ship roll'd nearly o'er,
 Neither will glass or china stick,
 But fall about the floor.

'Twas like a country dance to see
 The glass jumping about,
 Two water-jugs joined in the spree,
 Physic bottles came out.

And as this row was going on,
We heard a heavy crash,
The sea through hatchway burst upon
Our berths, which it did splash.

Then all the things went rattling on,
And crack'd and smash'd away,
Till best part of the day was gone
This tempest did not stay.

But time brought peace and all got calm,
I crept out of my shell,
The quiet was a sort of balm,
I soon got right down well.

The silver moon shone softly bright,
We sang on deck quite late,
This kind of sailing brings delight,
It's quite a happy state.

When it's compared with what we had
I'll think of it no more,
Indeed it was so shocking bad,
It makes one's nerves feel sore.

Now Ireland comes once more to view,
Its nice to feel near land,
I call at once a chosen few,
Sing songs, then champagne stand.

At last we land—oh, happy time!
To feel the earth stand firm,
We order a supper for nine,
And from Bradshaw we learn

Near twelve next day a train will start
 By Runcorn for our home,
 In it I said I'll not depart
 Unless my wife's at home :

I fancied she had not come back
 From Scotland, where she'd been,
 I found a telegram not slack
 Saying home she'd just seen.

An hour before we started back
 From Liverpool that day
 On the Marquis Baligniac
 We call, but could not stay

But a short time, as I had said
 No longer will I roam,
 Then shortly took the train that led
 To my dear wife at home.

Though Littledale had asked us three
 To dine with him that night,
 And meet the Bougheys, full of glee,
 Which would give us delight ;

But I so long'd at home to be,
 To see my wife again ;
 When there we get, she's first I see,
 She met me by the train.

Dear friends, my trip is ended now,
 I'm safe back o'er the deep ;
 You begg'd a copy, and I vow
 My promises I'll keep.

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